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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Overbeck, the Forest Preacher,
Bent his silvered head:
"Harvest yields for every creature
Food in store," he said.

"Ye that know your Lord is living,
Witnessing His grace,
Heap your tithes of all His giving
Round His altar-place."

Ere November breezes blowing
Bared the silver Birch,
Harvest plenty overflowing
Filled the little church.

Farmer folk in pleasant parley
Praised the crops they'd reared—
Dirk Van Brunt his sheaves of barley
Yellow as his beard.

Peter Smit his orchard's bounty;
Boastful Gert von Horn
Swore no croft in all the country
Matched with his for corn.

Housewives showed in oaken caskets
Butter firm and good.
Children brought in birchen baskets
Nuts of copse and wood.

All was set before the altar:
When from o'er the moor
Crept the widow, Gretel Balter,
Wrinkled bent and poor.

"She that earns with all her labors
Scant enough to live,
Helped and clothed by kindly neighbors—
What hath she to give?"

"Come behold the window's treasure!"
All the world drew near.
Just a little earthen measure
Filled with water clear.

Just an earthen curse! Upon it
Writ in letters plain—
Yea, and all the world might con it—
"God be thanked for rain."

Overbeck, the Forest Preacher,
Raised his noble head;
"She not I, shall be your teacher,
O my friends," he said.

"What are treasures proudly tendered?
Dross before His throne,
Humble off'ring humbly rendered?
Loveth God alone."

Youth's Companion.

THANKFUL

By Jacqueline H. Eaton and Rose M. Cody

ground, and his flushed face was full of happiness. Everything's going so fine on the job I couldn't enjoy it enough all by myself, so I ran over to share it. Can't you hear the hammer's plain?—the rain's made the air so clear. They're busy as woodpeckers I've put two more men on today, and another week ought to see us through. If it keeps on like this, there'll be a good profit on the contract, enough for some extra fixings for this little lady, perhaps!"

With a boyish laugh he stretched on this hand across the table toward Thankful.

The girl did not glance at the hand, but she knew exactly how it looked. It was brown and broad and the knuckles were roughened by the spring winds. A redwood splinter had made trouble with one finger, and it was wrapped in a bandage. Busyself herself with her cup and spoon, Thankful managed not to see that outstretched hand.

The glow faded a little from her father's face, but as he rose to go back to work he stopped to pat her shoulder.

"Pretty fine day, my girl," he said. "Things are going well."

He strode off, whistling through the brilliant, rain-washed morning, but Thankful's smile and answering wave of the hand were absent-minded and her eyes followed him with sullen look. When she turned back, her mother's clear gaze held her rebellious one fast.

"Is it something mother can help about, child?"

Thankful shook her head.

"But she can hear about it?"

Again the girl shook her head. "Then it's something very strange and different, Thankful. We've gone all the way together, your whole life, till now."

The loving tone melted Thankful's mood. Down went her head, child fashion, in the crook of her arm, among the blue dishes, and with the tears came a rush of words.

"I know I'm hateful, mother but I'm so sick of all this—the way everything is. I loathe being poor, and father's being just a workman, and this squeaky bungalow—and washing dishes—and cotton stockings—and last year's hat trimmed over—and nothing different ahead. And what sort of brought the whole thing to a head was Margaret's telling me last night that she was going to Japan after commencement—all the family's going, and she asked me!"—Thankful's voice rose to a wail—she asked me to write her a steamer letter!"

Mrs. Grey looked more pained and bewildered at such an outburst.

"But why?"

"Oh, don't you see? Almost every girl I know has gone East, or to Honolulu, or somewhere, and I've had to stick at home, and write them train and steamer letters. It's worse, now it's Margaret! We've done everything together from third grade up, ever since we came out here, and now she's going away and then to college, and I'm to poke here all through the hot summer, and then teach some stupid foothill school—Oh, it isn't fair!"

With loving patience Mrs. Grey quieted the sobs that shook the girl. The mother spoke evenly of the good things that the years had brought them in the West—of her own restored health; of the splendid, golden days that had brought the child into vigorous young womanhood; of the respect that the townspeople had for her father and for his honest workmanship; of the rose-crowned bungalow on which they had just made their last payment; of the prospect of well-paid work in the little houses springing up in the valley and in the foothills; of the girl's fine standing at high school, where her course was now so nearly completed; and finally of their happy home circle!

Whatever impression the recital made on Thankful, it at least gave her time to calm herself, and when her mother finished, she gave a final dab at her eyes with her damp wad of a handkerchief and squared her shoulders.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I'll be good now, mother, and try to behave like a dutiful, thankful girl for months! I'll do these dishes, while you go out and sit in the sun-shine and warm up. You look all blue and pinched after my tantrum."

As Thankful washed and wiped the hated dishes, Mrs. Grey, instead of sitting in the sunshine as her daughter had ordered her to do, counted and made dainty bundles of the napkins on which she had exquisitely embroidered initials for Margaret's mother, Mrs. Mason. She had been Mrs. Grey's girlhood friend in the East, before her marriage to a wealthy Californian had put the continent between her and the New England teacher who had chosen the sturdy carpenter.

When the Greys sought the aid of California for a doubtful little cough of the young mother, they settled in the small city of which Mr. Mason was the foremost citizen.

The Grey's cosy bungalow stood just over the hill from the picturesque Spanish house of the Masons.

Mrs. Grey's needle had earned many little luxuries that Thankful would otherwise have missed, and many of the orders came from Mrs. Mason.

"Thankful, I've finished Mrs. Mason's linen; don't you want to take it over to her? The walk will do you good."

Thankful tried to answer cheerfully, but her thoughts said, "Why should my mother prick her fingers and tire her eyes over stitches for Mrs. Mason? She's every bit as fine, and as well educated. It's just accident that their positions are not reversed. I might just as well be in Margaret's place, too. How I wish I were!"

As she walked over the hill with the packages of napkins, the recollection pressed upon her of the stroll home from school with Margaret the night before.

The rain had ceased, and the mountains had loomed up so darkly blue that it seemed as if you could have reached out and brushed the wisps of mist from their indigo shoulders. Arm in arm, the girls had loitered, chatting happily, until Margaret's announcement of their summer plans fell into Thankful's heart like a stone. They stopped at Margaret's house for an hour of study together, and the luxurious rooms, looking out on the stately patio with its fountain and roses, had failed to awaken the usual response in Thankful's beauty-loving heart.

"The cost of that one rug would buy just about every stick in our house," she said to herself bitterly as they made their way to the library.

There they found Mr. Mason, with his fine gray head in relief against the high Spanish chair back and his newspaper spread out between his hands. It was those hands that made Thankful pause an instant in the doorway. Long, slim, perfectly cared for, they raised the paper to the light of the rose-shaped lamp. A band of wrought silver held a scarab against one smooth finger. The bitter contrast between her father's hand and that hand smote Thankful's heart.

That was the picture that had flashed into her rebellious mind at breakfast and that had spoiled her pleasure in her father's cares.

The recollection of it accompanied her this morning to the Mason's door, where the Japanese butler told her that the ladies were out. He took the packages and handed her a note that Mrs. Mason had left for her.

Thankful tucked the note, which was addressed to her mother, into her trim belt for safe-keeping.

"Probably it's the check," she thought, with resentment.

She had reached the arroyo at the foot of the hill that separated the two houses and was kicking the pebbles and sand sullenly before her, when she abruptly halted and said aloud in the stillness:

"Now, see here you un-Thankful Grey, you and I may as well have this thing out, right here and now!"

She selected a place in the warm sand at the edge of the river bed, leaned her back against a cottonwood tree, closed her eyes and sat very relaxed and still.

The March sun drew the fragrance from the sagebrush and the pepper berries and the eucalyptus trees, and the soft March breeze gathered them and wafted them to her. In some distant oaks a host of meadow larks and wild canaries were making exquisite music, and in the very top of the tree above her head a mocking bird was singing from its ecstatic exclamation at her forgetfulness,

hear. With her ears full of their music, she opened her eyes to the shimmering tans and gray of the arroyo, the silver of the little stream, the first golden-green film over the grainfields and the blue of the eternal hills.

And at last she said, in a voice that was as calm as her mother's own:

"There, bad child, you've wiped all the bitterness off your soul, and left it just a nice, clean blank. Now, what shall we write on it? First, and very large: I'm thankful for my father and mother, for their deep-down goodness and realness and ability; and for—yes, father's work. Father has a something that lots of rich men have missed. I'm thankful for all they've done to give me an education, and to make nice friends for me, and that the mortgage is paid off and the bungalow is really ours—it's a darling, if it is small. I'm thankful that I have the promise of a school to teach, and that Margaret is going to have such a nice summer. I'm thankful—no, I can't say that—

"Yes, you can, Miss T. Grey—you just hold on tight a minute and see—"

She shut her eyes again, drew some deep breaths of the balmy air, then, making her hands into fists, she said very fast:

"I'm thankful that Margaret likes me well enough to want me to write her a steamer letter!"

Jumping up, she shook the sand from her neat chambray skirt and threw a kiss to the mocking bird that was still trilling against the blue sky.

"We feel exactly alike, old fellow! No more sulks for Thankful!"

A great wave of tenderness washed her heart. She climbed the hill with springing steps, and as she hurried on she found herself humming softly:

"For over the hill is home—my home! Welcome and peace and rest; And I hastened on to its shady door, As the bird flies to—

The song died on her lips and her heart skipped several beats sickeningly. She had topped the rise and was looking down on the bungalow. The yard was full of people, and furniture was set crazily about under the pepper trees. Disaster was in the very air. As she ran pantingly, a well-meaning neighbor came to meet her.

"You poor lamb!" she said. "Isn't it just awful! But don't take on to try to keep cool for your—"

Thankful shook off the neighbor's grasp and ran on through the cluttered doorway into a room where the odor of burning cloth and wood lingered acridly.

"Mother!" she gasped, pushing through a group about the sofa.

"Why, Thankful, child, don't look so white! Mother's all right."

At the familiar voice, weak but cheerful, Thankful wavered in sudden faintness and would have fallen, but—that a muscular arm caught her.

"Oh father!" she cried. Then she noticed that his hand was done up in bandages. "Oh, your poor, blessed hand—oh, what—"

"Nothing, Thankful, nothing at all," said her father. "When mother lighted the gasoline stove to get lunch, something went wrong. She screamed for me, —thank heaven I heard her first call!—and I came running in time to beat out the fire before it did more than burn her apron and dress. The boys set the furniture in the yard, for we were afraid the place would go; but we kept it to the kitchen, and there's not much damage done. Mother's only shocked and tired, and my hands will heal in no time."

It was sunset before the house was in its accustomed order and the busy girl had time to run up to her room to freshen herself for the supper that kind neighbors had sent in. As she crossed the threshold, a spray of peach blossoms caught her attention. The Stevenson card had been restored to its place, and, tucked behind it, the flowering branch bloomed sweetly.

"Isn't that just like mother!" murmured Thankful. "These little flower messages of hers are worth a bushel of talk!"

As she unfastened her blouse, Mrs. Mason's forgotten letter slipped to the floor. She picked it up, with a handkerchief and squared her shoulders.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I'll be good now, mother, and try to behave like a dutiful, thankful girl for months! I'll do these dishes, while you go out and sit in the sun-shine and warm up. You look all blue and pinched after my tantrum."

As the March sun drew the fragrance from the sagebrush and the pepper berries and the eucalyptus trees, and the soft March breeze gathered them and wafted them to her. In some distant oaks a host of meadow larks and wild canaries were making exquisite music, and in the very top of the tree above her head a mocking bird was singing from its ecstatic exclamation at her forgetfulness,

and ran downstairs with the letter in her hand.

"A note for you, mother," she said, "but no wonder I forgot it. If she wants you to embroider any more linen, you will have to teach me how to do it."

Mrs. Grey dropped into a chair by the west window and, with her fine profile in silhouette against the primrose sky, read the letter aloud:

"Priscilla Dear. You have always done kind things for me, from the old Connecticut days when you helped me with my sums and shared your gingerbread with me, up to that supreme moment when Margaret had diphtheria and you alone of all the town came to help me care for her. Now, will you do one more thing for me? Will you lend me your daughter for the summer? The trip will mean so much more to Margaret if she has another girl with her, to say nothing of the pleasure Thankful's happy presence would give us grown-ups. May she go."

Mrs. Grey looked up with shining eyes to see a curiously quiet Thankful.

"Isn't wonderful, daughter?" she said, in a low voice.

"Yes, mother, it's wonderful—but it can't compare with the happiness I'm going to have here with you and father this summer. I know now there's nothing in all the wide world I want so much as you two, and this dear house that didn't burn down, and I am going to hang right on to that happiness with one hand and try to give some of it back with the other—if you know what I'm trying to say. Not one inch will I go! I've got a lot of lost time to make up."

Her father's strong face lighted and his clumsy, bandaged hand moved toward her. Perched on the arm of his chair, she patted the roll of cotton cautiously, as she murmured:

"Poor, dear hands!"

With a sigh Mrs. Grey laid the letter down.

"Well, I'm sorry you don't see my way clear to going, for I don't know just what I shall do with you this summer."

"Don't know what to do with me?" Thankful was bewildered.

"Yes, your father and I have an invitation in which you are not included. Mrs. Mason wants me to keep their Del Monte place open for her mother, and they wish to consult your father about doing some rebuilding there while they are gone, but you seem rather in the way of our accepting."

Her quizzical smile softened as Thankful dropped on her knees beside her.

"Oh, if she means that, too! But would it be right? Could I?"

"Not another word, child. Of course you're going! It's the loveliest plan I ever heard of."

"Wouldn't such a trip help in your teaching, Thankful?" her father asked shrewdly. "Couldn't you make geography more interesting to the youngsters if you had seen the places you'll talk about?"

"Oh, yes, and English, too, and art and, oh—everything! It's a chance—but, mother, you'll need me—you know you will. And think of clothes—"

"Ha, that's where I come in!" Mr. Grey chuckled happily. " Didn't I tell you this morning that there would be a little money for extra fixings?"

"You darlings both of you!" Thankful's voice broke. "I don't deserve it—I don't one bit! But if I do take it—if I do—you'll see how much I'll try to deserve it after this. Oh, I am so thankful—thankful—thankful—thankful!"

The brown head went down on her mother's knee, and the shadowy room was very dull. Suddenly Thankful lifted a glowing face. Winking off two big tears, she laughed roguishly.

"O mother, I've just thought of something!" she cried, delighted with her idea. "You will have to write me a steamer letter!"

"Youth's Companion."

RELIABLE

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19, 1925.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Editor.*

The Deaf-Mutes' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue), is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen-copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A FEW days ago, we came upon the following in one of the New York daily newspapers:

CARLIN—At East River, Conn., November 11th, 1925, after a lingering illness, Frances Seward Carlin, daughter of the late John and Mary Carlin, of New York City. Funeral services at her home on Friday, November 13th, at 2 p.m.—*Herald-Tribune*, Nov. 12.

This announcement begets a flood of recollections of John Carlin and his very amiable wife of fifty years ago.

Fanny Carlin was particularly devoted to her parents in these years, when their heads were whitened by the hand of Time.

She was an artist, like her father, but did not possess her father's genius.

John Carlin was a leader in the deaf world in his day and generation. He was not only a good sign maker, who charmed by his eloquence and grace, but also could write fluently and forcefully. His poetry was not mere jingle, but fine and euphonious. Perhaps his best poem was called "The Mute's Lament," but he wrote others of merit and popularity.

It was as an artist that he excelled, and in New York he had a studio from which fine canvases came. One of his greatest works, in oil, was quite a large and wonderful creation, called "The Last Days of Pompeii," showing that city in flames from the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and the multitude fleeing towards the gates for safety.

John Carlin was educated at the New York Institution (Fanwood), and did great credit to his Alma Mater. One of his oil paintings, entitled "The Money Changers in the Temple," is in the possession of the Institution and adorns the rotunda of the Main Building.

He it was who designed the bas relief of the Gallaudet monument at Hartford in 1854. It represents Gallaudet seated teaching a little girl the manual alphabet, while in the group, are two little boys, one busy with a slate and the other looking on.

Besides being of an artistic temperament, Mr. Carlin was endowed with rare judgment. He was devoted to the welfare of the deaf, and was an enthusiastic backer of Edward Miner Gallaudet in his early efforts to establish a college for their higher education. He was the first deaf person to receive an honorary degree from the National Deaf-Mute College (now Gallaudet College)—the degree of Master of Arts, in the year 1864.

So, on the death of "Fannie" Carlin, we look back to the days long since passed away, when the deaf were well educated, capable and happy, and enjoyed good sign-making without feeling that they must apologize for the language of gesture—the language of the heart and head—the universal language.

CHICAGO.

Do ye fear the spectre of years approaching,
And the dread distress of the days of doom?
Do ye hate to think of old age encroaching—
And a hard, cold cot, in a bleak cold room,
When the zest of your youth has gone forever,
And your old limbs drag and your sight grows dim?
Ah, glorious Youth that returneth never
The old, gold days of each Her and Him!

Do ye fear the fate that is waiting, waiting,
Do ye shudder and shake and shiver with shame?
When gone are the days of mirth and mating
And each long year is the same—so same?
Then come to our ball on the twelfth of December,
Come with a zest, wherever ye roam;
For ye also will grow old, remember,
And ye will be glad of our Aged Deaf Home!

trip to Prairie du Sac, Wis., Mrs. Calkin's former home, recently.

Mrs. Linda Brimble is still visiting her son in Detroit.

Donald Herrin and Ashley Mickham, former Chicagoans, are working in the Studebaker plant in South Bend. Ashley recently contacted a bad case of mumps.

Dates ahead: November 20th—21—Annual Bazaar, All Angels'. 21—Sac Fall Dance. 21—Bunco at Pas. 25—Sac Bunco and Dance. 25—Annual Bunco, Ephphatha Social Center, May and 11th Streets, benefit building fund. 26—\$5 excursion to Jacksonville, homecoming football game. 28—Lecture by Rev. Henry Rutherford, Pas. December 5—Bazaar and "500," Knights De l'Epee. 12—Grand Federated Charity Ball, Sac.

THE MEAGHERS.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

This is the week of All Souls' Bazaar. It will be held on the last three days—Thursday, Friday and Saturday. On account of it, the Clerical Literary Association, the Silent Athletic Association and the Philadelphia Local Branch, will forego their regular meetings on those nights. The proceeds of the bazaar will be for the benefit of the church. Let us all wish it the success it deserves.

Mr. Frank Widaman, who writes for the JOURNAL under the name of "Rex" and lives in far-away Greensburg, and his neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. James Poole, have sent articles for the bazaar, which shows that they are willing to do a good turn for their Philadelphia friends, who surely appreciate it. There may be others who may have done the same stunt (?) and their help, however small, is also appreciated.

November 12th, was designated as Annual Donation Day for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at Torrington, (the new location of the Home dating from this week), as the second Thursday in November usually is in consequence of it. All Souls' Parish House was used as the "happy dumping ground" for donations of all kinds (except of course, rubbish), for the Home by the local deaf and interested hearing friends. And to make it worth while going there in the evening, President Smielau, who is now at the helm of the P. S. A. D., conceived the idea to treat with a moving picture show. However, the President, with all his good intentions, failed to reckon with Jupiter Pluvius, who reigned supreme then as at other times when he is no respecter of persons or events, and as a result, the number of vacant seats was mournfully noted. The downpour lasted most all the evening. It may have caused a slump in the attendance, but happily it seemed to go no farther than that: for the program, as advertised, was carried out fully, excepting that there was no time for the last feature of entertainment. When a final count was taken, it was found that a large sum of money was obtained and a larger sum was pledged, altogether about \$800, more or less. Thus Philadelphia has again acquitted itself with flying colors.

Chairman Louis Ruskin made a hit in his tuxedo, setting an example other leading silents will do well to imitate. The hearing folks customarily wear evening garb at such functions: we are as good as the hearing folks, are we not? I'll tell the cock-eyed world we are.

T. J. Meagher and Bob Kannapell, of Culver, Ind., attended the Chicago-Illinois game at Champaign, on the 7th, when Grange was really stopped for the first time in his life. W. Barrow, H. Leiter, the R. Blairs, and others witnessed Northwestern defeat Michigan at the stadium here the same day.

The grand show-down between law and order, in the trial of the Genna gangsters caught red-handed while killing two policemen last summer, resulted in partial victory for the State. Scalise and Anselmi were found guilty on the 12th, and sentenced to prison for 14 years. As the papers said:

"Through all the long days of the trial four persons have been in constant attendance. Two of them are Chief Schoemaker and Deputy Zimmerman, who worked night and day to obtain the evidence submitted by Prosecutor Crowe. And there are Mrs. Myrtle Olson, deaf-mute mother of the slain Policeman Olson, and Miss Helen Cantwell, who was to have married him."

Mrs. W. Sprague gave a nice little luncheon and "500" at her residence on the 12th, three tables for prizes.

Johnnie Sullivan has been on the sick list for several weeks.

Mrs. Anton Tanzar gave a party on the 8th for Miss Clara Ellestad, of Spring Grove, Minn., inviting only silents, who formerly lived in the Northwestern States.

Eighteen silents spent the 25th on the Dunes, guests of the Izzy Newmans. Mrs. Henry brought along Miss Pearson, sister of Mrs. Roy Stewart, of Washington, D. C. Despite the raw wind blowing in from the bounding blue, an enjoyable time was had.

Mrs. Jesse Waterman had a visitor from St. Louis, bringing him to visit the Home.

Leon Harvat, of Denver, is studying at the local linotype school.

Mrs. Grace Emery Coombs visited the Home with Mrs. J. Hall recently, following which she left to make her permanent home in California.

Mrs. Frederick Meinken will manage a vaudeville performance in December, for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society Christmas Tree, at the M. E. church, to ensure toys for all children who attend.

Miss Mary McDonald attended the funeral of an uncle at Lincoln, Ill., on the 2d.

The Orin Calkins made an auto trip to Prairie du Sac, Wis., Mrs. Calkin's former home, recently.

Never give a man a hat for a wedding present. A week or so later it will be entirely too large.

FANWOOD.

On Monday, the 9th of November, the "George" team, under the captaincy of Lynch, won a glorious victory from the "Jimmie" team, under the captaincy of Goodhope, by a score of 24 to 20, in the basket ball tournament.

In the first half "George" team had everything their own way, and the period ended 9 to 6 in their favor.

In the last half the "Jimmie" team came back with a rush. Difficult field goals were made in quick succession, and passes were executed in a manner that thrilled the pupils who witnessed the games. The feature of the game was many accurate field goals made by Retzker, Lynch, Kostyk and Feldman, and the work by Bayarsky, Goodhope and Horn.

Cadet Captain Kerwin made a short visit at the home of Mr. John O'Brien last Saturday.

A basket ball game will be held between the Fanwood team and the Houston team at the former's court, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, November 21st. In the evening the Fanwood team will play against the strong Clark House team at the latter's court.

Cadet Captain Arne Olsen, Cadet Color Sergeant Farber and Cadet Bayarsky, visited Cadet Preete, who is confined at St. Luke's Hospital, an operation having been performed in an injured hand, last Saturday.

It was one of the fastest and cleanest games ever played.

"George" (24) vs "Jimmie" (20)

Greenberg L.F. Manning

Bayarsky R.F. Feldman

Retzker C. Kostyk

Johnson L.G. Horn

Lynch, Capt. R.G. Goodhope, Capt.

Substitute—"Jimmie"—Manning to McLean, Field Goal—Retzker 5, Lynch 4,

Kostyk 3, Feldman 3, Goodhope 2, Manning 1, Bayarsky 1. Poul Goal—Lynch 2,

Kostyk 2, Retzker 1, Bayarsky 1. Timekeeper, L. Farber. Scorer, D. Aellis. Referee, F. Lux.

November 11th was Armistice Day, and the pupils were relieved of their scholastic duties in the afternoon, while in the morning they had their session at school. Visiting at the Metropolitan Museum, hiking in the woods, going to the theatre, and seeing their relatives, were the afternoon's pleasures.

On November 6th, Miss Kate Currier, whose retirement as teacher took place two years ago, was a caller here. She was more than pleased to see the pupils whom she formerly taught.

Mr. Meyer Lief, a Fanwood graduate, visited the Protean Society last Sunday, the 8th of November.

The Fanwood Athletic Association, under the captaincy of Cadet Adjutant Cerniglio, wishes to announce the basket ball schedule, with the names of the opposing teams.

November 21—Houston A. C., here

November 21—Clark House, away

December 11—Curtis H. S., away

December 12—Hebrew Orphan Association (under 16 years old)

January 5—Stony Brook, away

January 13—New York M. A., away

January 29—Westchester M. A., away

February 6—Stony Brook, here

February 22—Trenton School for the Deaf, away

February 26—Westchester M. A., here

February 27—Clason Point M. A., away

Other games will be announced that are now pending.

The members of the Fanwood Literary Association congregated in the chapel on November 12th. A short program was rendered by two of the High Class, who did not give their stories that were on the program two weeks ago, because there was no time. Those who told stories were George Lynch, "The Last Warning," and Frank Heintz, "Gentleman Don."

The presiding officer, Arne Olsen, then introduced Professor Jones to the platform, who delivered a lecture. The subject was the "Locarno Compact." His illustration was vivid.

At the close of his talk, a vote of thanks was tendered to Professor Jones. Before adjournment, Professor Jones once more showed in signs his menagerie of wild animals, which caused loud laughter.

Founder's Day will be on November 20th, and the companies, under the command of Captain Olsen, Captain Kerwin, and Captain Jacobucci, are pretty evenly matched to fight for the flag in the competitive drill. The reviewing officer will be Lieutenant Colonel Walter H. Smith, Field Artillery U. S. A., who will also act as Chief Judge of the competition. The ceremonies begin at 2:30 P.M.

Cadet William Stupfer was admitted here as a new pupil last Monday, the 9th of November.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. Helen R. Wilson met with a painful accident on Thursday afternoon, November 12th. While walking Broad Street and Alleghany Avenue, she was hit by an automobile and painfully injured. We do not yet know the extent of her injury, as an X-ray examination will have to be made. We hope that she is not as seriously injured as at first thought.

Mrs. M. J. Syle returned home from a short tour in Europe on Friday, November 13th. Mrs. M. J. Haight, whose companion she was, came with her to her Philadelphia home, and is expected to stay here indefinitely. Mrs. Syle's many friends here are delighted and glad for her safe return. Some time later Mrs. Syle will give an account of her trip, which was very enjoyable to her.

Johnnie Sullivan has been on the sick list for several weeks.

Mrs. Anton Tanzar gave a party on the 8th for Miss Clara Ellestad, of Spring Grove, Minn., inviting only silents, who formerly lived in the Northwestern States.

Eighteen silents spent the 25th on the Dunes, guests of the Izzy Newmans. Mrs. Henry brought along Miss Pearson, sister of Mrs. Roy Stewart, of Washington, D. C. Despite the raw wind blowing in from the bounding blue, an enjoyable time was had.

Mrs. Jesse Waterman had a visitor from St. Louis, bringing him to visit the Home.

Leon Harvat, of Denver, is studying at the local linotype school.

Mrs. Grace Emery Coombs visited the Home with Mrs. J. Hall recently, following which she left to make her permanent home in California.

Mrs. Frederick Meinken will manage a vaudeville performance in December, for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society Christmas Tree, at the M. E. church, to ensure toys for all children who attend.

Miss Mary McDonald attended the funeral of an uncle at Lincoln, Ill., on the 2d.

The Orin Calkins made an auto

trip to Prairie du Sac, Wis., Mrs. Calkin's former home, recently.

Intstitution, was an interested visitor at the printing office last week.

Sast Sunday Cadet Color Sergeant Lynch and Cadet First Sergeant Retzker witnessed the professional football game at the Polo Ground, between the Giants team and the Providence team. The Giants won a decisive victory by 13 to 12.

Cadet Captain Arne Olsen, Cadet Color Sergeant Farber and Cadet Bayarsky, visited Cadet Preete, who is confined at St. Luke's Hospital, an operation having been performed in an injured hand, last Saturday.

In the first half "George" team had everything their own way, and the period ended 9 to 6 in their favor.

In the last half the "Jimmie" team came back with a rush. Difficult field goals were made in quick succession, and passes were executed in a manner that thrilled the pupils who witnessed the games. The feature of the game was many accurate field goals made by Retzker, Lynch, Kostyk and Feldman, and the work by Bayarsky, Goodhope and Horn.

Cadet Captain Kerwin made a short visit at the home of Mr. John O'Brien last Saturday.

A basket ball game will be held between the Fanwood team and the Houston team at the former's court, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, November 21st. In the evening the Fanwood team will play against the strong Clark House team at the latter's court.

Cadet Captain Kerwin made a short visit at the home of Mr. John O

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK N. A. D. BRANCH.

On Wednesday evening, November 11th (Armistice Day), the New York Branch of the N. A. D. held a meeting in the Guild Rooms of St. Ann's Church, 511 West 148th Street.

Mr. John N. Funk presided, and Miss Eleanor E. Sherman recorded.

The Executive Committee's report showed that the Branch had been actively working.

Mr. Marcus L. Kenner is the Chairman of the Dinner Committee to be held to commemorate the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. This year it will be held on the 12th of December, but as yet the place has not been selected.

After the meeting, Rev. John Henry Kent, the Vicar of St. Ann's Church, told of his experiences in England, where he had been last August. He compared the social and spiritual life of our English brethren with the American deaf, and at the conclusion he was given a vote of thanks.

The Metropolitan Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association held a social meeting in the Assembly Rooms of St. Ann's Parish House on Saturday evening, November 14th.

The new President, Mrs. Bertha B. Barnes, spoke resplendent in her new role. A business session was called for a brief moment, to vote a contribution of \$5 to the Chamberlain Memorial Tablet Fund of St. Ann's Church. The rest of the evening was given over to conversation and story-telling, jokes being in order most of the time, and Rev. John H. Kent mostly in evidence.

Coffee and cake were served by a committee consisting of Misses Doris Ballance and Florence Lewis. Some committee, say we! Also some cake! Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Elstad, of the Wright Oral School; Mr. and Mrs. Culmer Barnes, Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Nies, Rev. and Mrs. John H. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Max Lubin, Mrs. Temple, Misses Laura McDill Bates, Alice Teegarden, Helen Fish, Florence Lewis, Doris Ballance, Estella Maxwell, Rev. Mr. Braddock, Messrs. Samuel Kohn, Oliver W. McInturff, William F. May, and Clarence Baldwin.

BROOKLYN FRATS.

The entry blanks for the track events on the evening for Saturday, November 28th, when the Brooklyn Frats who rally under the magic "23" banner hold their carnival at the 69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Avenue and 25th Street, are coming in most satisfactorily to Chairman Harry J. Powell. In the School Relay race are entered Fanwood, Lexington Avenue, and St. Joseph's and among club entries are Margraf, Houston and Manavay. All of the local "Frat" Divisions are represented. The Referee will be Thos. J. Cullen, who was last year's captain of the Fordham Team, and he will be assisted by E. Heaney and R. R. Beakes, both of Holy Name Athletic Club.

The Armory is accessible from all points, and the admission covering the track events, games, dancing etc., is only one dollar.

MANHATTAN DIVISION, No. 87.

All roads will lead to Odd Fellows' Memorial Hall, 301-309 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, this Saturday evening, November 21st, where the Advertising Bal Masque of Manhattan Division, No. 87, will ring up the curtain on the 1925-26 social season.

First and foremost, the ball will be an Advertising Bal Masque. Prizes will be awarded in strict conformity with the meaning of the term. The bizarre and unusual will be recognized only as they advertise some nationally known product or manufacturer.

To the winner of first prize will go the sum of \$25.00. The highest single prize ever offered by any organization at any time to date. Ladies and gentlemen can try for this prize. There will be other cash prizes running the usual scale.

Odd Fellows' Memorial Hall can be reached by both East Side and West Side subways to Nevins Street. Then walk two blocks south to Schermerhorn Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Berger, of Main Street, New Rochelle, just a little bit outside the Greater City line, were reminded their return from Peekskill was all to the merry with their friends. To show their jubilation, the friends motored by trolley to the Henry Bettels, manse last Sunday afternoon. From there they organized a hiking club, and near to record time was made in reaching the Berger homestead on Main Street. The two charming Berger girls, Madeline and Marion, were in on the plot, when the ensemble jumped into view. "Mom" Berger's usually rosy cheeks, assumed a deeper tinge of carmine. Friend Hubby just smiled. The afternoon and evening was topped off with a dainty, but, at the same time, delicious supper.

Among the out-of-town guests at the New Jersey Deaf-Mutes' Hallowe'en party were Miss Betty Matthews and Mrs. Helene W. Brossard, who motored to Newark from New Brunswick, N. J., for the

event. Their costumes were prize winners. After returning to New Brunswick Miss Matthews and Mr. Arthur Taber, of Plainfield, N. J., spent the week-end at the home of Mr. Brossard in Lincoln Gardens.

Mr. Fortunato Curcio, known by his associates of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League as Frank Cook, was married on November 8th, 1925, to Miss Mary Helen Bernardo, who received her education at the St. Joseph Institute. The ceremony was held in the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, Portchester, N. Y. Reception in Brooklyn, N. Y.

"We're ready," says Chairman Kieckers, of the committee arranging for the De l'Epee celebration, this Sunday evening, November 22d, at K. C. Institute, Brooklyn. Some of our best orators, whispers the chairman, have signed contracts to be present and eulogize on the Abbe and his good deeds.

Mrs. Lawrence Weinberg, who underwent two serious operations, was able to leave the Norwegian Lutheran Hospital after being laid up for four weeks. She is at her mother's home till she is strong enough to get around. Baby Richard Walter has indeed grown since she went to the hospital. He is 3½ months old now.

Mr. Louis Sordillo, a member of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, was married to Miss Adelina Pistoria, on Sunday, November 15th, at Our Lady of Grace Church, Cliffside, N. J. After the ceremony there was a reception, at which many of the intimate friends and relatives were present.

Last week, on Sunday, Edwin Mosbacher came home from Mt. Sinai Hospital on Fifth Avenue, where he had been for two weeks to have his eye, operated on. James Manning and Charles Knobloch went there often to visit him.

Samuel Rogalsky, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was in New York last Monday and Tuesday. On Monday, he visited Fanwood and the JOURNAL office. He is a printer and has steady employment.

On Friday, November 5th, at the meeting of the Bronx Frats, the most surprised Brother was Joe Graham, who was presented with a ring, bearing the N. F. S. D. insignia.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League have secured the use of the 22d Regiment Armory for Saturday, February 20th, 1926. The affair will be a Basket Ball and Dance.

Mrs. Mary L. Haight and Mrs. M. J. Syle returned to New York on Thursday, November 12th, from Paris. Mrs. Haight is now visiting Mrs. Syle in Philadelphia.

Waldo Ries, representing *Forbes Magazine*, is traveling all over the New York State during this week of November 16th. He has been to Philadelphia three times.

Mr. Lyman H. Metzger is mourning on account of the death of his sister, Mrs. Linda Stern, which occurred on October 12th.

Mr. John N. Funk, who is a linotype writer on the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, now plunks the keys during the day.

PHILADELPHIA ITEMS

The Annual Bal Masque of the Silent Athlete Club, November 7th, at Turnermunde Hall, drew one of the largest crowds that ever turned out for such an affair in Philadelphia.

Knowing the prizes would make it worth while, fully 150 came masked. Costumes of every description were seen, and they were right up to the minute in ideas.

The judges, selected from out-of-town visitors, were Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Ritchie, Reading, Pa.; Wm. J. Hayes, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Stephenson, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. Nancy Moore, Toronto, Can.; Geo. Hummel, Bloomfield, N. J., and H. E. Stephens, Merchantville, N. J.

First prize, \$10.00 for ladies, went to Miss Freda Hausek, Camden, N. J. Men: Mr. Albert Wolf, Most Comical, \$5.00 each. Blanche Glicker, Reading, Pa.; Meyer Levin and Rubin Miller. Most Original, \$5.00 each. Miss Alex McGhee, Harry Dooner, Impersonator, \$5.00 each. Pauline Smith, Joseph Rodgers, Most Grotesque, \$5.00 each. Catherine Jones, Scranton, Pa.; Martin Cawton.

After awarding the prizes, paper streamers started flying from all corners of the hall, the orchestra struck up a lively tune and dancing continued till late hour.

Many out-of-town visitors were among the crowd, New York, Trenton, Washington, Atlanta, Baltimore, Altoona and Reading, being well represented.

Great credit for the success of the Ball goes to chairman, Jim Jennings and his committee.

LOSES LIFE TO GAIN HEARING

INDEPENDENCE, KAN., Nov. 1.—Paul Gibson, of Independence, and Harold H. Caulkins, an aviator of Parsons, Kan., were killed here today when a wing of an airplane in which they were flying broke off and the plane crashed 5,000 feet to the ground. Gibson, deaf and dumb since birth, went up with Caulkins in an effort to effect a cure for his deafness.—*N. Y. World*, Nov. 2.

OHIO.

News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Green, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

November 7, 1925—Hallowe'en parties were the rage in Columbus last week. The first one early in the week was by the "Ten Jolly Club," at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Inman, in the northern part of the city. Dancing, games and refreshments, formed the chief parts. The prizes were carried off by Mrs. Redman and Wm. McBlane.

Those participating were Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Inman, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick McConnelly, Messrs. C. Miller, R. Oden, McVicker, Wm. Fickel, Slagle, Charles Horton, Carson, Wm. McBlane, Wood, and W. Allen, Misses Agnes McBlane, Mayne Dille, Bayes Angelina Pierrua, Holdren and Irene Crossen.

The second affair came Friday evening, given by the S. S. club in the Art studio and Domestic Science rooms of the school. Besides the twenty-seven members each had invited a boy partner, and with honored guests, the number in attendance was seventy.

The club is composed of older girl pupils, and is looked after by Miss Ethelburga Zell. In a way the affair was gotten up as an appreciation of her services to the members, and came incognito to her until she was ushered into her room.

For several days previous the members of the club prepared for the affair assisted by Miss Hoover, Domestic Science teacher, each rendering aid in their respective lines and held in confidence the object the members were striving for.

At 7:30 p.m. the members and invited guests formed a line in the rotunda of the main building and marched over to the Art studio of the school building. This they found beautifully decorated in Hallowe'en make attractions, and it was then made known to Miss Zell that the social was given in her honor, which was much of a surprise to her.

The members and their partners were all masked, and after marching around the room awhile to allow the judges to decide which of the characters deserved prizes, they picked Miss Lucile Leach as a rose bud, Emily Hartshorn as a Bee, Doris McNally as a Dutchman, Lucile Jackson and George Brown as two witches, and Irvin as the handsome boy, deserving of awards.

The crowd then passed across the hall and into the Domestic Science room, which also was made attractive with decorations of Hallowe'en pictures. Here from a table nicely set the crowd helped itself to baked beans, ham sandwiches, doughnuts, relish, cornshaped candies, apples and cider. After the eats had been put away, the company went back to the art studio and indulged in dancing, games and conversation, till 10:45 p.m. Every one voted the affair an enjoyable one.

The honor guests were Miss Zell, mother and brother, Superintendent and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Hoover, her mother and brother, Mrs. Meyers, Miss Hoy, Mr. and Mrs. Zorn and Mr. and Mrs. Ohlemacher.

The third and largest affair was the annual masquerade social given by the Ladies' Aid Society in the Girls' Recreation hall at the school, for the benefit of the Home for Deaf, Saturday afternoon and evening.

The hall was nicely decorated with yellow and black colored crepe, pictures of witches, owls, spooks and cats, graced the walls, dangling from the ceiling, here and there were big eyes and mouths in the imitation of pumpkins stared at people. The members of the society in charge of the various booths were becomingly gowned and had a smile for every one, dealing with them.

An appetizing bill of fare was served and at reasonable price, and many partook of it. The other booths also were well patronized. The main feature of the evening was the masquerade parade, and there were several new features to be recorded.

The Guild is busy preparing for their first Annual Bazaar, which will be held in the Parish Hall on November 18th and 19th.

Sam Biller engineered a Frat Social on October 17th. Five hundred and Buncro were enjoyed by a crowd.

J. Leon Harvat has gone to Chicago to take a course in the Linotype School there. J. L. went alone, leaving his wife and children to keep the home fires burning.

Geo. W. Huff and C. S. Allen were the only ones among the deaf to try their luck during the deer season. They failed to bring home any venison.

Indian Summer has returned to Denver after a week of winter accompanied by snow. The first killing frost of the year in Denver came on October 17th. Much later than the usual time to look for frosts.

The Guild gave a Hard Times party at the Parish Hall, November 6th. Mrs. F. A. Lessley, assisted by Mrs. Wolfert, Mrs. Nothern and Mrs. Janovick, had charge of the arrangements. The costumes were many and varied. Prize winners were: J. H. Wilkins and Miss Kohut, for the most original hard times costumes.

A stalking corn shock, a basket of flowers on an urn carried on the head. Prizes for the prettiest, most original, and ugliest, for each sex were offered, and were won respectively in the order named by Lucile Leach, Thema Lamprecht and Agnes Perrta, Philip Holdren, James Judge and Charles Robbins.

The judges were Rev. C. W. Charles, Mr. Robert Thomas, E. I. Holycross, Miss Agnes Edgar and Miss Abbie Krauss.

Quite a number of deaf were present from out of Columbus. The party lasted till 10:30 p.m., and there were those who wished the time was extended.

Miss Abbie Kraus, a former resident of Columbus, after the social, visited with friends until after the middle of the week. Because of her expected wedding soon, she was given a shower, Tuesday evening, in room 201 of the institution, where she met a number of friends and was remembered with a lot of gifts that will be useful and ornamental to her and her intended. Refreshments were served just previous to the shower. These were present: Mrs. C. W. Charles, Mrs. Joe Leib, Mrs. Charles Cook, Mrs. Wark,

Mrs. Gordon Mathews, Mrs. Neuner; Misses Lamson, Rachel Gleason, Cora Uhl, Anna King and Angelina Pierrua.

Mr. Daniel Friedman, of Cleveland, came down in his Ford from Cleveland, Wednesday, and spent several days in Columbus as guest of Mr. Win. Mayer. He is still employed with a Cleveland Product Co. and finds the place much more to his liking than holding a position in a political office of the city.

Mrs. Martin L. Young, of Tiffin, O., was a visitor at the school this week, having come from Zanesville, O., where she spent several weeks visiting relatives. She stopped several days here with Mr. and Mrs. Sooy Dresback. About a year ago she fell down stairs at her home, receiving injuries that laid her up until last September.

Her maiden name was Meleta Scott and left school in 1884, and a pupil under Superintendents Drs. G. O. Fay, Charles S. Perry, Ben Talbot and Amasa Pratt.

J. Pet Martin from Rye Beach, N. Y., on his way to Denver, Colo., in an auto, was given shelter at the school, Thursday night of this week. Said he was to teach at the school for deaf, Colorado Springs, auto machine repairing. Some of those who talked with him think his story is a myth.

Mrs. Sarah Williamson Scott, who has been in Columbus since last spring, returned to Lebanon this week, to reside with a nephew. Her address will be Lebanon, Route 3. Care of Mr. Osborn.

DENVER

On October 14th, at 7:15 p.m., Mrs. Margaret Alford, of Denver, was united in marriage to Harry Herbold, of Benchland, Montana.

The ceremony took place in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, the bride's family being communicants there.

The Rev. Geo. W. Palmer and the Rev. H. E. Grace were the officiating ministers, the first speaking only for the large circle of hearing persons present, and the second in signs for the deaf.

The members and their partners were all masked, and after marching around the room awhile to allow the judges to decide which of the characters deserved prizes, they picked Miss Lucile Leach as a rose bud, Emily Hartshorn as a Bee, Doris McNally as a Dutchman, Lucile Jackson and George Brown as two witches, and Irvin as the handsome boy, deserving of awards.

The crowd then passed across the hall and into the Domestic Science room, which also was made attractive with decorations of Hallowe'en pictures. Here from a table nicely set the crowd helped itself to baked beans, ham sandwiches, doughnuts, relish, cornshaped candies, apples and cider. After the eats had been put away, the company went back to the art studio and indulged in dancing, games and conversation, till 10:45 p.m. Every one voted the affair an enjoyable one.

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The crowd then passed

DETROIT.

The Detroit Catholic Association for the Deaf celebrated its 10th birthday, Sunday, October 25th, at St. Boniface School. This society is rising financially and socially speedily. A big crowd of all denominations turned out to do honor to the occasions. Everybody who attended enjoyed sweet cider, and a variety of cakes, made by the lady members, were served free. This delightful affair was ably managed by Mr. Alex. Lobsinger, John E. Crough, Len Laporte, Albert Seiss, Fred Bourcier, John and Peter Heiders.

The lady committee composed of these enthusiastic workers in Catholic Society: Mrs. Wm. Rheiner, Mrs. L. Koehler, Mrs. A. Mahl, Mrs. C. Reiderger and Mrs. J. Hellers. The D. A. C. D. will also hold a Harvest Masquerade at St. Boniface School, November 21st. A big crowd is expected.

Mrs. Ornstein with thirty friends swooped down on the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Jacobs and his wife a week ago. It was the 20th anniversary of their marriage. It was a successful and complete surprise party.

Mrs. Ivan Heymann returned to the her liege lord after a month's visit in Tennessee. She attended the Tennessee School reunion.

Miss Hersden, an Indiana lass, has been employed at the National Biscuit Co., two months.

Paul Smith, of Toledo, O., is in the city, looking for a job. He is staying with his brother and wife.

Tony Blake and Philip Bednarik are two other football fans, who attended the U. of M. and U. of Ill. Football game at Auburn, Ill.

Harry Dundas, a deaf barber of Saginaw, Mich., dropped in to visit his old friends.

Mrs. R. Hahn, the heroine of many operations, was sent to the U. of M. hospital from the Provident Hospital. After a short stay there she was returned to the Provident Hospital again. She is home now, enjoying a diet prescribed by the hospital.

Mrs. Marion Francis secured a divorce, and the right to use her maiden name, October 8th.

The mother of Severus Seppanen, assistant treasurer of the D. A. D., arrived in Detroit last week. She will remain here, making her home with her son. Her home is in Atlantic Mine, Houghton Co., Mich. Severus hopes she will make her home here permanently.

Mrs. Linda Brimble, of Chicago, and an enthusiastic Episcopal Church and S. A. C. worker, is visiting her son and his wife here. She will return to Chicago after Thanksgiving Day. So far she has attended the N. F. S. D. Masquerade, the Ladies' Guild Bazaar, and the D. A. D. Mrs. Arthur Meek and Mrs. F. E. Ryan were former schoolmate and classmate in the Wisconsin School, and are doing their best to make her stay here a pleasant one. But her only thought is to be near her only son, Clinton, and his dear wife, as she calls her. They are living in one of Detroit's exclusive apartment houses.

Miss Violet Colby returned to her desk at the Morris Bank after a three weeks' visit with her mother and sister Ruth. Violet intends to resign from the bank soon, but has some misgivings about the bank officials accepting it, as she is a valuable asset to that institution. Her sister, Ruth, and her husband have bought a new home in Washington, D. C.

Miss Selma Schmidt visited Flint Saturday, the guest of Miss Florence Isham. She returned to her work Monday morning.

Mrs. Charlotte Pewter and her mother are now residents of Monrovia, Cal. Their stay will extend until spring time.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. J. McKeown, a young couple from Lewiston, Maine, are now permanent residents of Detroit. Mr. McKeown has secured a job at the River Rouge plant.

Mr. Schultz, of Flint, is another lucky one. He secured work at the River Rouge plant. He is boarding with Mrs. Mahl.

Miss Essie Edmonson and Miss Ruth Parke, of Toledo, were visitors at the D. A. D. Sunday.

Don't forget the date—November 28th. There will be a movie picture show and vaudeville at the D. A. D.

Charming Mrs. Dan. Whitehead, of Mt. Clemens, was among those seen at the N. F. S. D. masquerade. She was the guest of Mrs. Almond. Also Mrs. Adolph Kresin, and daughter, Florence, of Port Huron. They were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown. Mr. Kresin works in the Grand Trunk's shop and they secured a pass.

Herman Fritz is having an income bungalow built on his lot on Lakewood Avenue. It is near Mack. Another deaf home owner added to the ever growing list.

Mr. Japes and wife entertained a crowd of thirty friends at their new home in Grosse Pointe recently.

Mrs. Frank Smith, of Ypsilanti, was in town last week, shopping and spent some time with Mrs. J. J. Heiders.

On December 5th, when all good men are at the Frat meeting, the ladies will have an old time spelling bee—and a guessing contest. It will be managed by Mrs. Lobsinger and Mrs. Behrendt.

Mr. Otto Buby, formerly of Flint, has promised to give us a good story, in his very best dramatic way, early in January. So keep an eye out for the exact date or you'll regret it all your life.

Clarence Kubisch and wife bought a new two family flat out at Fort Street, at 1092 Rademacher Avenue. The house is within walking distance of his dyeing and cleaning emporium.

F. E. RYAN
1022 John R. St.

PROTESTANT-EPISCOPAL MISSIONS.

Dioceses of Washington, and the States of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. Henry J. Pulver, General Missionary, Caton Avenue, Alexandria, Va. Washington, D. C.—St. John's Parish Hall, 10th and H Streets, N. W. Services every Sunday, 11:15 A.M. Holy Communion, First Sunday of each month.

Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel and Beverley Streets. Service Second Sunday, 8 P.M. Bible Class, other Sundays, 11 A.M. Norfolk, Va.—St. Luke's Church, Gray and Bute Streets, Services, Second Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Silent Mission, St. Matthew's Church. Services every Sunday, at 3:30 P.M. Services by Appointment—Virginia: Lynchburg, Roanoke, Newport News, and Staunton, West Virginia: Parkersburg, Huntington, Charleston, Clarksburg, Fairmont and Romney.

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D. meets in Brooklyn N. Y., on the first Saturday on each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write: JOHN STIGLIABOTTI, Secretary, 182-01 Jamaica Avenue, Jamaica, L. I.

Manhattan Division, No. 87

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF, meets at the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, 143 West 125th Street New York City, first Monday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Ave. Inwood, New York.

Bronx Division, No. 92

Meets at Bronx Castle Hall, 149th Street and Walton Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. On the first Friday of each month write to Edward P. Bonvillain, Secretary, 1219 Wheeler Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Second Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Max Miller, President; Joseph Mortiller, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB

ORGANIZED 1900
INCORPORATED 1908

4TH FLOOR, 61 WEST MONROE STREET,
CHICAGO

Out-of-town Visitors are welcome to visit America's Deaf-Mute Premier Club.

Stated Meetings First Saturdays
Jesse A. Waterman President.
Gilbert O. Erickson, Secretary.

Literary Circle Fourth Saturdays
Dr. G. T. Dougherty, Chairman.

Entertainments, Socials, Receptions
Second and Third Saturdays

Address all communications in care of the Club. Rooms open: Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

The Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets at St. Mark's Church, 230 Adelphi Street, first Wednesday each month, at 8 P.M.

ENTERTAINMENTS
Nov. 21—Barn Dance
Dec. 26—Christmas Festival

Jan. 30—Apron and Necktie Party
Feb. 27—Lecture

April 24—Card Party
May 30—Outing for the Guild

June 12—Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet's Birthday Anniversary

MRS. HARRY LEIBSON, Chairman
8657-18th Ave., Bath Beach.

SPACE RESERVED FOR

JERSEY CITY DIVISION, No. 91,

N. F. S. D.

GRAND BALL

Saturday, February 27, 1926

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Union services for deaf-mutes every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, conducted by Prof. J. A. Kennedy, at First Congregational Church, Hope and Ninth Streets. Entrance up the incline to north side door and upstairs to the Orchestra Room. Open to all denominations. Visiting deaf-mutes cordially welcome.

Mrs. Frank Smith, of Ypsilanti, was in town last week, shopping and spent some time with Mrs. J. J. Heiders.

MASQUERADE BALL

to be held at

G. A. R. BUILDING (4th floor)

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for the welfare of

M. A. D. Detroit Chapter

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, NOV. 25, 1925

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(Including Wardrobe)

Cash Prizes
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Dancing

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Saturday, January 2, 1926

8 to 1

Music by University of Pennsylvania Collegians

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First Prize \$25.00 for Costume

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under auspices of

Manhattan Division, No. 87, N. F. S. D.

will be held at

Odd Fellows' Memorial Hall

301-309 Schermerhorn Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, November 21, 1925

MUSIC BY WASS' SYNCOPATORS

TICKETS - - - (including wardrobe) - - - ONE DOLLAR

How to Reach the Hall—Take Lexington or Seventh Avenue Subway to Nevins Street Station, and walk two blocks to the Hall.

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